

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company,

OF BOSTON, MASS.,

ON ITS

CCXXVI ANNIVERSARY,

JUNE 6, 1864.

SERMON

BY REV. T. B. THAYER,

Minister of Shawmut Church, Boston.

BOSTON:

WRIGHT & POTTER, PRINTERS, No. 4 SPRING LANE.

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OFFICERS FOR 1863-4.

Captain.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT COWDIN.

First Lieutenant.

MAJOR ABRAHAM EDWARDS.*

Second Lieutenant.

SERGEANT LORING L. FULLER.

Adjutant.

CAPTAIN JOHN MACK.

Sergeants.

CAPTAIN JAMES A. FOX.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. M. WHELDON.

CAPTAIN S. N. NEAT. *

GEORGE CURTIS.

LIEUTENANT E. R. FROST.

A. K. LORING.

R. M. YALE.

WILLIAM C. MOREY.

Treasurer and Paymaster.

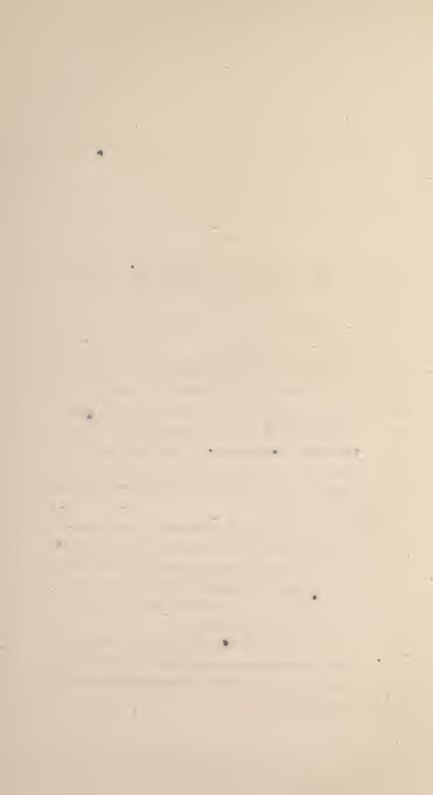
CAPTAIN J. G. ROBERTS.

Clerk and Assistant Paymaster.

GEORGE H. ALLEN.

Armorer and Quartermaster.

CAPTAIN CHARLES S. LAMBERT.



TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

THAT good old period in the annals of time—ARTILLERY ELECTION—was commemorated, according to custom, by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, who at the same time observed their Two Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Anniversary. The weather for the parade was most auspicious, while the number of the members of the corps taking part in the proceedings was well up in comparison with that of previous years.

Notwithstanding many of both the old and young members of the company have felt called on to enter into active service in defence of our nation's honor, and some of them have given up their lives for the perpetuity of the Union, yet there are many still left whose faces would be much missed from their accustomed places in the ranks.

The company has been exceedingly prosperous during the past year, many new members having been admitted, while a number of those who were absent a year ago have returned and participated in the celebration.

Soon after daybreak the fifes and drums of the company, headed by Dan Simpson and Si Smith, marched through the principal streets playing "The Duke's March," and calling the members to assemble at the armory, reminding the drowsy ones that breakfast was awaiting them in the old Cradle of Liberty.

The breakfast was prepared in the galleries of Faneuil Hall, by the celebrated caterer J. B. Smith, and was of the usual substantial character; and it is needless to say that the amplest justice was done to it by the members of the corps.

Promptly at ten o'clock the company marched from the armory and, to the music of Hall's Boston Brass Band, formed the line on South Market Street. There were one hundred and ten officers and members of the corps in military uniforms present and seventy-six in the dress of artillerists, besides a detachment of twenty-one men of the Franklin Light Battery, with two field pieces, under command of Captain FRENCH.

In a short time the corps wheeled into column of companies and took up the march for the State House, through South Market and Commercial Streets, up State, Washington, School and Beacon Streets. On the arrival there the fact was communicated to the Governor, and within a few moments His Excellency, accompanied by Adjutant-General Schouler, Lieutenant-Colonel Wetherell, Rev. T. J. Greenwood, Sheriff Clark and Major Morissey appeared and, after being received in due form, took their places in the column.

The march was then resumed, and the company passed down Park, Tremont and Winter Streets into Washington, up Washington and Bedford Streets to the First Church, in Chauncy Street.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE

FIRST CHURCH, CHAUNCY STREET,

ON THE

CELEBRATION OF THE 226TH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

JUNE 6, 1864.

I.—VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

II.—TE DEUM.

III.—SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

IV.—ANTHEM.

STRIKE THE CYMBAL.

V.—PRAYER.

VI.—HYMN.

INVOCATION—BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

*Air—Old Hundred.*Though at Thine altar *maid* we stand,

Almighty Father of our race!

We bear not war's destructive brand

To slight the teachings of Thy grace.

We seize this festal hour to bear

OUR COUNTRY, in her need, to Thee,

Commending to Thy guardian care
The hopes of our posterity.

Long hast Thou watched, Almighty One !
The heritage our fathers gave ;
Thy presence oft, in mercy shown,
In peril's hour our land to save !

And now, when *Treason's* arm is red
With stains of fratricidal blood,
By Thee may all our hosts be led,
That wrong and ruin be withstood.

Thine arm of power, O God, we own !
Thy care, in all the past, we bless ;
Oh ! let Thy presence now be known,
To bring relief, in our distress.

Let Thy sweet love our borders crown ;
Let all our States unite again ;
And the whole land the home be known,
Where UNION, PEACE, and FREEDOM reign.

VII.—SERMON.

BY REV. T. B. THAYER.

VIII.—OCCASIONAL HYMN, (OR ODE.)

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

TUNE—*Savannah*.

Awake our song ! as the glad day comes round,
When in full numbers, and with one accord,
We stand upon this consecrated ground,
To seek, implore, and praise the Sovereign Lord !

Still lowers the war-cloud o'er our stricken land ;
 Still mourns the nation 'mid this blood and blight ;
 But yet we trust the great Redeeming Hand,
 And know "at evening time there shall be light."

For He whose word is pledged to Freedom's cause,
 Who to our fathers their deliverance gave,
 Whose perfect working cannot fail nor pause,
 Rules all the nations, mighty still to save !

We praise Him that this heritage of ours
 His holy Word has called us to defend,—
 That we, to-day, may pledge anew our powers
 To meet the strife, until the glorious end !

That end will come, as comes the radiant day,
 When storms and terrors of the night are o'er ;
 And Freedom have new faith, new life, new sway,
 From north to south, from east to western shore.

That end will come ; wherever Man is found,
 The Truth and Right are his ; and God will see
 That they prevail the waiting world around,
 And all the nations, in His time, be free.

IX.—BENEDICTION.

185 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON, June 7, 1864.

REV. T. B. THAYER: MY DEAR SIR,—At a meeting of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, held at their armory last evening, it was voted unanimously that the thanks of the Company be tendered you for the very able, patriotic and truthful Sermon, delivered before them yesterday, at the Chauncy Street Church, and respectfully ask that you will furnish them a copy of the same for publication. Allow me also to add my most cordial approbation of the above vote.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

ROBERT COWDIN, *late Commander.*

BOSTON, June 11, 1864.

DEAR SIR,—I am happy to learn from your note of yesterday, that the Sermon delivered before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, on their *Two Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Anniversary*, meets with their cordial approval. In accordance with their vote, I have the honor to transmit to you a copy for publication.

I am, very truly and respectfully, yours,

THO'S B. THAYER.

TO GEN'L ROBERT COWDIN.

S E R M O N .

ECCLESIASTES vii. 10.

SAY NOT THOU, WHAT IS THE CAUSE THAT THE FORMER DAYS WERE BETTER THAN THESE? FOR THOU DOST NOT INQUIRE WISELY CONCERNING THIS.

AMONG all nations there have been traditions of a golden age, a period far back toward the morning of the world, when mankind were innocent, living in a state of perfect simplicity, cultivating the arts of peace, and rejoicing in uninterrupted happiness; the beasts of the field and forest meanwhile dwelling together with each other, and with men, in friendly familiarity; and the earth bringing forth spontaneously whatever was needful for the sustenance of man and animals.

The Oriental poets, as well as those of Greece and Rome, abound in glowing descriptions of this delightful era, this blessed reign of heaven on earth. The only drawback upon these pleasing and eloquent narrations, is the single fact that they are not true. No such condition of things ever existed

on our earth. The sacred Scriptures give us the story of man from the beginning, and the serpent, as the symbol of evil, appears in the very garden of Eden; and he has left his slimy track through all the ages from that time to this. Hence the Hebrew poet and prophet wisely puts his golden age in the future, in "the world to come," the age of the Messiah, when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. * * * And they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." This is the true stand-point. The golden age, the age of universal freedom, justice, righteousness and peace is in the future, not in the past.

And yet most of us, I think, are inclined to look back for it rather than forward; especially in times of public calamity, like the present; in times when corruption and wickedness, fraud, and perjury and treason prevail through the land in high places and in low; when so many in the scramble for a fortune forget their God and their religion, their country and the soldier, the poor and enslaved, and all the

obligations of truth and mercy. There are very many among us, notwithstanding the caution of the text, who inquire, not wisely, "What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" Why have the children so fallen away from the example of the saintly and heroic fathers? Multitudes there are who are too ready to indulge in these questionings and comparisons to the disadvantage of the men and events of the present.

The truth is the former days were *not* better than these. They were not so good as these in many respects. The men of our earlier history were not all saints, nor patriots, nor heroes. They were neither in the strength of their moral principles, nor in the rectitude of their action, so vastly before the men of this day, as many imagine. This fact was recently brought to my thought in a very vivid manner by the perusal of a sermon of the celebrated Cotton Mather, from the text, "The street of the city was pure gold," (Rev. xxi. 21,) preached before "The General Assembly of the Massachusetts Province in New England: 3 d. 9 m. 1709"—more than one hundred and fifty years ago. In this sermon he rebukes the Christians of New England, of Massachusetts, of Boston, in the severest language, for their sins and wickednesses. And from

these unsparing denunciations it appears that the men of those "good old times," so often glorified as the golden age of New England religion and morality, cheated in trade, used false weights and measures; were cunning at frauds, were guilty of usury, violated contracts, monopolized the necessities of life and held them at exorbitant prices, robbed the laborer of his wages, were drunkards of the hardest sort, stole negroes and Indians and sold them into slavery, and even cheated the minister in the matter of his salary—the last evidence of depravity. The title of this discourse is significant of its contents: "*An Essay on the Golden Street of the Holy City, Publishing a Testimony against the Corruptions of the Market-Place. With some good Hopes of Better Things to be yet seen in the American World.*" That I may not seem to speak hastily or unjustly, let me ask your attention to one or two paragraphs giving a picture of those "good old times."

"For men to *Lye* to one another in their Dealings; to put off Adulterated or Counterfeited wares, or to work up their wares deceitfully; when the Fish is naught; the Tar has undue mixtures; there is Dirt and Stone instead of Turpentine; there are thick Layes of Salt instead of other things that should be there; the Cheese is not made as affirmed; the Liquor is not for quantity or quality

such as was agreed for ; the Wood is not of the dimensions that are promised unto the purchaser ; or perhaps there was a trespass in the place of cutting it ; the Hay does not hold out weight ; the Lumber has a false number upon it ; or the bundles are not as good within as they are without—'tis an Abomination !

“For men to over-reach others because they find them ignorant, or scruie grievously upon them, only because they are poor and low, and in great necessities ; to keep up the Necessaries of human Life at an immoderate price, merely because other people want them—'tis an Abomination. To rob the Public Treasury by false Musters, or any other articles of charge falsely given in ; or to abett the robbers by any assistance or connivance at such things in auditing their accompts ; this is also a thing to be repented of where any have been guilty of it. To go as Pirates, and catch up poor Negroes that have never forfeited life or liberty, and to make them slaves, and sell them, is one of the worst kinds of Thievery in the world, and such persons are to be taken as the common enemies of Mankind ; and they that buy them, and use them as beasts, and betray, or destroy, or neglect their souls, are fitter to be called Incarnate Devils, than Christians, though they be no Christians whom they so abuse.”

He proceeds next to speak of those who lived beyond their means, were extravagant in dress, in their tables, “running into debt when they know they

can't run out of it as well and as fast as they run into it; so they spend what is none of their own"—then of those who fail in business, cheating their creditors by concealing their goods—then of the corruption and bribery of under officers of the law—and, finally, in scorching words of the “prodigious quantities of Rum consumed among a people of our engagements to be the most sober people in the world, I must say 'tis an horrible thing !”

“One of the sorest punishments which ever did, or ever can befall this poor country, is the great esteem which this liquor has among us. It makes us poor; it keeps us poor; whole families may curse the day that ever the Bottle came into them. It will soon make us a despicable country. All our strength will be departed from us.”

So much for the “former days;” and surely they were not so much better than these, that we need to mourn over their departure, or to prefer them to the present.

I am not saying these things to disparage the past, but only to vindicate the present, and the men of the present, from the injustice done by comparisons with an *imaginary* past. No one shall go before me in admiration of the stern piety, the lofty principle, the calm courage of the Pilgrims, or in appreciation of

the virtues of many of the New England Puritans ; but I insist that there are men and women among us to-day, who, though of a different make, are as truly religious as they were ; and whose piety, whose integrity and honesty in business,* whose fidelity to duty and loyalty to truth, are as invincible as were theirs. And I claim that we shall honor them accordingly ; and by no blind worship of the dead fathers, disparage or undervalue the virtues of their living sons and daughters.

If now we pass from the realm of religion and business to that of politics and patriotism, we shall still find that the present will not suffer by comparison with the "former days."

We are justly indignant in this time against those public officers whose fingers are ever in the public purse ; dishonest contractors who plunder the government and the soldier with equal indifference ; unprincipled speculators who build up private fortunes on the public distress ; those who take their bread from the government, and at the same time seek to embarrass its action by hindering enlistments, by creating distrust and alarm, by misrepresentation and abuse ; against all, indeed, who put selfishness before patriotism, whose only thought is *money, wealth* ; while thou-

sands of noble men are giving up home, health, life, every thing, to save the country!

But infamous as all these are, they are not peculiar to this war or this age. The same vile vermin swarmed in the Revolution, and roused the indignation of the people, which was expressed in public meetings, here in Boston, and elsewhere; and by acts of legislative assemblies. And it was a common remark that while true patriots were impoverished, counterfeit patriots, rogues and tories were fast growing rich. And to what extent the evil had proceeded, and the feeling against it, may be judged, when Washington, always so calm and self-possessed, could write to Reed, of Pennsylvania, as follows:—

“It gives me very sincere pleasure to find that the Assembly is so well disposed to second your endeavors in bringing *those murderers of our cause*, the monopolizers, forestallers, and engrossers, to condign punishment. It is much to be lamented that each State, long ere this, has not *hunted them down as pests of society*, and the greatest enemies we have to the happiness of America. I would to God that some one of the more atrocious in each State was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared for Haman. No punishment, in my opinion, is too severe for the man who can build his greatness upon his country’s ruin.”

Coming from Washington this has immense significance; and surely we have no men among us now requiring severer language than this.

So with regard to enlistments. We complain that recruits come in so slowly and reluctantly; and that such large bounties are necessary to obtain soldiers, who ought to enter the army out of pure patriotism. But the men of to-day have come to the rescue as readily, as generously, as the men of the Revolution. Even in the beginning of the war, as early as the fall of 1775, the patriotism of many began to cool. Enlistments, though only for a year, were obtained with difficulty; and all new recruits demanded a furlough to visit home. Those who did not reënlist would not serve a moment beyond their time; and one or two Connecticut regiments marched off several days beforehand. Washington complained bitterly in his letters of "an egregious want of public spirit." In 1779, on the expiration of the three years term, a bounty of \$300 was offered to every "veteran" who would reënlist. And Virginia, true to her instincts, offered in addition at the end of the war, "a healthy, sound negro," or \$200 in gold, at the soldier's option. Was not \$300 then as much as \$700 or \$800 now? But even at that the work went on slowly, and at times Washington himself was well nigh discouraged.

A single fact is worth stating here, in vindication of the patriotism of the present. At the end of the first three years of the war, Washington's entire army did not exceed 20,000, with a population of 3,000,000. At the same ratio we should now have only 140,000 troops in the field; whereas we have more than a million—or nine to one in our favor as compared with the Revolutionary period!

Then, too, at times, the entire body of troops from a particular State were in open mutiny and revolt; as those of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. We have had nothing like this in the present war. And this leads to another point, of some interest.

There was a time in the present war, as you know, when an attempt was made by the rebels and their northern sympathizers, to create jealousy and ill-feeling between the eastern and western troops; and excite hostility toward Massachusetts and Boston, as having chiefly caused the war by their extreme abolitionism. And something was said about leaving New England "out in the cold." But, thank God, the effort signally failed; and now the East and the West have grasped hands in fraternal friendship and affection; and have sworn to stand shoulder to shoulder, to see this war through to the end, and the serpent thoroughly and finally crushed.

But in the Revolution sectional jealousies of this sort grew into such exceeding bitterness, that they often greatly embarrassed the authorities. Early in the war an officer of the army writes that this ill-feeling had risen to such a height of rancor that "the Pennsylvania and New England troops would as soon fight each other as the enemy. Officers of all ranks are indiscriminately treated in a most contemptible manner, and whole colonies traduced and villified as cheats, knaves, cowards, poltroons, hypocrites, and every term of reproach, for no other reason but because they are situated east of New York." And John Adams says, in one of his letters, "There is a narrow spirit, in many people, which seems to consider this contest as the affair of Boston and Massachusetts, not the affair of the continent."

But this partisan jealousy and warfare was not confined to the army, or to the people; but extended to officers of the highest rank, and to members of the Continental Congress, to men to whose safe keeping were entrusted the honor and safety of the country. The heart of the honest patriot of this day alternately throbs with indignation, and is stung with grief, as he lingers over the historic page which reveals the envies and hatreds, the vile and petty intrigues, the unprincipled opposition, the black lies and slanders, and the

infamous charges of anonymous publications, with which his enemies, some of the Fathers, so-called, *Americans*, sought to disturb the peace, destroy the reputation, and break the heart, of the foremost man of the times, and of the world, the immortal Washington! "The former days better than these?" Why, the men who should do this in our time, or the half of it, would find public opinion, like a millstone, grinding them into powder!

Again: there is much just indignation expressed now against northern traitors, men and women who sympathize with the rebel cause; and who are secretly aiding them in their infamous attempt to break up the government. But the war of Independence presents a record equally dark and infamous. South Carolina, New Jersey, New York, and even Massachusetts and Boston had their tories and traitors, though sharply looked after then, as they should be now. By reference to Frothingham's "Siege of Boston," I find that when the British evacuated Boston on the 17th of March, 1776, there went with them one hundred and two members of the council, commissioners, custom-house officers, and other officials, two hundred and thirteen merchants, three hundred and eighty-two farmers, traders, and mechanics, eighteen *clergymen*, and others, amounting to over 1,100 persons!

If it were a possible supposition that southern troops should ever occupy Boston, when they left, would they, think you, even now, with all the difference in population, take away with them 1,100 traitors? Would they find eighteen clergymen in Boston and its neighborhood who would go with them? No; not unless they went as prisoners.

And so I think the comparison holds throughout. The men and the women of the present are worthy of the best days of our national history. They are daily showing that they are equal to all the demands made upon them. The age of generous deeds and noble sacrifices, the age of our national heroism and self-consecration for liberty and humanity, is not passed. We are in the very noon of its glory. And I think it is something to be thankful for that we are living in this time, one year of which is worth ten years of ordinary life; and which, while confessedly it reveals here and there the demon side of our nature, reveals everywhere its angel side.

See more than two hundred millions which the people, within two years, through Sanitary Commissions, Christian Commissions and other agencies, have poured out like summer rain on our battle-fields, in our hospitals, and in the homes of our brave soldiers.

Look at the hundreds of gentle and delicate *Women*, many of them leaving behind all the comforts and luxuries and refinements which wealth could gather into their homes, who have gone forth into these same battle-fields and hospitals, and there, amid scenes which would send a quiver of anguish along the nerves of the strongest man, have knelt down to bind up the frightful wound, to bathe the fevered brow, to catch the last message of love from the pale and trembling lips, to speak the word of hope or consolation, to lift up the prayer of faith, and to close reverently and tenderly the dying eyes of our husbands and sons, our fathers and brothers. Look also at those other brave women who have left their pleasant northern homes, and gone into the negro cabins of the South, to engage in the Christian work of encouraging, educating and elevating that long neglected, wronged and down-trodden race.

Look at the wives who have parted with affectionate and devoted husbands, often their sole support, and their only joy. Look at the mothers who, with a blessing and a prayer, have given up their sons, dear as the pulses of their hearts, to our common country. How sublime and affecting the words of that widow in Maine, whose only son offered himself as a recruit. Being told that he

must get his mother's consent, he went back to her, and returned with this brief note: "*He is my all; but I freely give him to my country.*" And what a noble letter was that of another mother, who was absent from home when her five sons enlisted:—

"MY DEAR HUSBAND,—Your letter came to hand last evening. I must confess that I was startled by the news referring to our boys; and for a moment I felt as if a ball had pierced my own heart. For the first time I was obliged to look things in the face. But, although I have always loved my children with a love that only a mother can know, when I look at the state of my country, I cannot withhold them; and in the name of their God, and their mother's God, and their country's God, I bid them go. If I had ten sons instead of five, I would give them all, sooner than see our country rent in fragments. May God bless and protect our dear children, and bring them home in safety. Give them each a Bible, and their mother's blessing, and tell them our prayers will ascend on their behalf night and day."

I doubt if the mothers of the Revolution ever said or did any thing grander than that. I doubt if the Mayflower brought to our shores a nobler type of woman than these patriotic American, Christian mothers. God bless them all; wives and mothers, daughters and sisters. We will do them equal honor

with the women of that earlier struggle for independence; and while we have them among us we will never say, "The former days were better than these."

And now let us look a moment at the *Men* of to-day. Was there ever a grander sight than that which greets the patriot now all along the North and West, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and across the prairies, and over the mountains to San Francisco—this universal loyalty to principle, this ready and generous surrender of party and private ends to the common good?

I do reverence to the unconquerable loyalty, and unflinching courage, and generous sacrifices of the fathers who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the maintenance of the Declaration of Independence—to the men who, half naked and half frozen, left their footprints in blood, all through the Jerseys and the snows of Valley Forge—to the men who with heroic courage and patience endured the horrors of the Jersey prison-ship, and perished by hundreds of disease and starvation, rather than betray their country. All honor to the memory of those noble farmers and mechanics, the genuine chivalry, who died thus miserably and obscurely, preferring it to dishonor!

But their descendants are with us; and the sons are worthy of the fathers. Cannot the Richmond prisons show a record of suffering and starvation and death, of uncomplaining patience and endurance, as eloquent and affecting, as inspiring by its moral grandeur, as any thing we know of the British prisons and prison-ships? And did any of our Revolutionary fathers or mothers sacrifice more for their country, or endure greater cruelty and outrage with greater heroism, than the men and women of East Tennessee? And was there a braver, a sublimer scene at Lexington on that nineteenth of April made memorable by our fathers, than that we saw on *our* nineteenth of April in the streets of Baltimore, when that youth fell in his place, flinging the last failing pulses of his heart into his "*All hail to the Stars and Stripes?*"

Once more: Has our country, has the world, ever looked on a sight more terribly grand and beautiful, as an exhibition of patriotism, principle and self-sacrifice, than the Cumberland frigate, when those noble and heroic sailors, notwithstanding she was entirely at the mercy of the Merrimack, utterly refused to surrender, and fought her upper deck guns while the water flooded into her lower ports; and then went down with her, the glorious old flag at the masthead?

Oh, when I see these things, so many and so eloquent proofs that no yesterday is better than to-day, my heart beats up to the fever heat. I feel that we are living continually in the midst of patriots and heroes, men of the noblest stamp, unknown to us, unknown to themselves, who only wait the occasion to discover what a wealth of virtue and power there is in them—men who only need the opportunity to find and take the place which belongs to them, and to show us that they have both the courage and capacity to command, to lead, and to conquer. And these are the times that call out such men. War, public distress, adversity, show us the riches of the nation, and bring out from the obscurity of prosperity the thousands of heroes and patriots worthy of all honor and affection. It is as true of the nation as of the individual, that oftentimes the summer of its material prosperity is the winter which freezes the best blood in its veins ; while, on the other hand, the winter of adversity and calamity proves to be the summer of its noblest life, ripening all its grain-fields into the golden wealth of the harvest. These three years of rebellion have done more for us in this respect, than the fifty years of peace and unparalleled prosperity which preceded them. The war has not only shown us where our danger lies, but it has also revealed, as I said, the

gallantry, the manhood, the nerve and muscle, and the immense reserved force of the nation. It has brought into action talents and gifts, and a degree of generous patriotism, from among all classes and conditions, which will make our country and our time glorious through all the ages.

Thus I have endeavored to show you by comparison with the past that we have no reason to be ashamed of the present; to satisfy you that, notwithstanding fraud and selfishness and treason abound, the nation is not fallen into total depravity and corruption, and that the children are fully up to the standard of morality and piety, of courage and patriotism, which gave the fathers such character in the eyes of all the world. I would not derogate from the deserved glory of our ancestors, but I am weary with that unjust spirit, that sour temper, which is forever finding fault with the present; for, after all, I believe in my soul that the present is more glorious, more truly patriotic and firm of purpose, than any time which has preceded it in the life of our nation.

Why, look for a moment: Did ever a people on this earth do more than we have done in these three years—beginning, too, under such immense disadvantages? With fifty years of peace, with no preparation, no previous training for the conflict, with no

armies, no generals; our few ships scattered by the conspirators to the ends of the earth; nearly all the munitions and military means of the country stolen from us; with half the officers of the army and navy going over to the enemy, and perjured traitors in every department of the government—with all this against us, we have for three years been struggling hand to hand with a rebellion which, in half the time, would have wrecked the strongest throne in Europe; and now what is the result? what is the relative position to-day of the nation and the rebels?

When the rebellion began they claimed a territory of more than 1,200,000 square miles, with a population of more than 12,000,000. At the end of 1863, this was reduced by our conquests to 350,000 square miles and a population of 4,500,000! showing a loss of two-thirds of the territory, and three-fifths of the population. At the opening of the war we had 1,052 pieces of siege and sea-coast artillery; since which we have distributed 2,200 pieces to the various fortifications, and have nearly a thousand left. We had 231 pieces of field artillery; we have since issued 2,500, and have 500 on hand. We had 437,000 infantry arms; we have since sent to the army 1,000,000, and have a million ready when needed. Of cavalry fire-arms we had 30,000; we have distributed

since nearly 330,000, and have 42,000 left. Of cavalry horse equipments we had only 574! since which 212,000 have been issued, leaving still some 5,500. Of cannon balls and shells we have sent the rebels 2,000,000, and have in reserve for them above 1,000,000 more. We have given them more than 50,000,000 pounds of lead, and have on hand 20,000,000. Some 400,000,000 of small-arms cartridges have been expended, leaving still 150,000,000; and we began with less than 9,000,000. In the mean time we have sent more than 1,250,000 soldiers into the field! Add to all this the fact that, while at the beginning of the rebellion we had to purchase nearly all our arms and munitions from foreign countries, now we manufacture them at home, and are independent of Europe, and of the world.

In the Naval Department, when the conflict opened, we had only 76 vessels of all sorts, of which only 43 were in commission; but now, including vessels building we have 75 iron-clads, more than 400 steamers, and 120 sailing vessels—nearly 600 ships of war, carrying nearly 4,500 guns. And during the year 1863 these ships captured 1,045 prizes, of which 179 were steamers, valued at upwards of \$13,000,000—beside the large number destroyed.

And in accomplishing the colossal work we have thus hurriedly glanced at, the government has spent nearly \$2,000,000,000! notwithstanding which all the public securities are eagerly sought for at home and abroad as safe and profitable investments, thus establishing the faith and credit of the government throughout the world.

Now tell me, where is the nation that can show a record more glorious than this? In what country, in what age of the world, has any people displayed more tremendous energy, a more resolute will, greater liberality, or more indomitable courage in defence of their nationality and honor, in defence of Liberty and Civilization? I tell you again, *this* is our golden age; or, at least, it is the dawn of it. It is the commencement of the most magnificent future that ever yet opened on a nation.

Time, and your patience, forbid any thing more than a single glance in this direction. Let me ask, then, What are the results with which the war will crown this future of our beloved country? I answer:

First. It will emancipate four millions of negro slaves—the grandest event of the century; unless it be paralleled by the emancipation of twenty millions of Russian serfs.

Second. It will emancipate that large population of poor whites, who have so long been held in ignorance, want, moral and social degradation and barbarism; despised alike by masters and slaves. The deliverance of this unhappy people from their abject condition, and lifting them up into manhood and self-respect; giving them the means of educating their children, taking away the curse from honorable labor, and opening for them avenues of business enterprise and wealth, of social position and political trust—this will prove one of the most beneficent results of the war, and pay a debt we have long owed to this neglected class of citizens.

Third. This war will emancipate the North from its bondage to the South. There is no use in denying it: Cotton *has been* king, ruling us with an iron sceptre; and it is not by any rebellion on our part, but by the rebellion and madness of his own subjects that he has been hurled from the seat of his power. In blind self-confidence it was attempted to compel the manufacturing countries of Europe to come under his yoke; but three years have shown that England and France can live without Southern cotton; and India, Egypt, Syria, Central America, and the islands of the sea, have demonstrated the fact that, if he be king, his throne

is not necessarily in the Southern States. And when we remember that Cotton is only another name for the Slave Power, we may well exclaim: "How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground; thou who hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God!"

I verily believe that God's purpose is revealed in all this; and that his great day of redemption is approaching. And in faith I take up the words of that "Battle Hymn of the Republic":—

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant my feet!

His day is coming on!

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the Serpent with his heel,

For God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on!"

Yes, God's day is coming on, and it brings with it universal freedom.

For the first time since the beginning of the nation, when this war is ended, the prophetic words on the old bell of Independence Hall will find their fulfilment: "*Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.*"

But not only is the future of our country emancipation, but regeneration—indefinite growth in all the elements of wealth, and power, and happiness. Consider what vast territories in the South will be open to free labor; and the immense estates of the few lordly planters which will be distributed into farms, and cultivated by thousands of owners. And when our soldiers shall take up their lands, and make their homes, and rear their families in the South, when our northern farmers and mechanics and merchants and traders shall go down there with their New England opinions and education, with their industry, energy and enterprise, infusing their earnest spirit and vitality into the blood and body of the South, that whole region will begin to bud and blossom as the garden of Eden. It is scarcely possible to overestimate the blessing of the change to the southern people; or the immense benefits it will confer on the country. Thus renewed

and reunited; the cause of this rebellion, the source of our political troubles and national perils, removed forever; one people from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—this nation holds in its hands the destinies of the world!

To this it must come at last, as the crowning glory of this struggle. Only let us have faith—faith in ourselves and in our countrymen, faith in God and in the final triumph of the right. Let no defeats nor temporary reverses shake our confidence in the result. Let us not doubtfully ask where is the great captain who is to lead us to this victory. All history shows that the man and the hour meet. When the Saracens swarmed over the Pyrenees, Charles Martel met them, and France and Europe were saved. When the time for the Reformation came, Luther came with it, and led the Protestant hosts to victory. And when the great world clock struck the hour of Revolution in our own land, it found Washington ready for the field; and when it struck again, he had marched from Cambridge to Yorktown and Independence.

And now, doubt it not, there is a leader somewhere among us—I think I see him even now, while I am speaking. Yes, there he is, thundering away at the gates of Richmond!—the man who

will bear the glorious old flag forward into the splendors ; forward till it is planted on the temple of Liberty and Government, never more to be dishonored by the blood-stained hands of treason and rebellion !

Soldiers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery :

When it comes to this, when this era of union, peace and prosperity sets in, you will have just cause of pride in the thought that you have contributed your share to the beneficent result. More than one hundred of your number are, or have been, in the armies of the Republic, mostly as officers ; and whatever the post they have occupied, they have held it with honor to you and to themselves ; and aided by the knowledge, experience and soldierly qualities which distinguish your patriotic company, they have done the country faithful and efficient service. And we all know that your present commander was the first from Massachusetts to offer a three years' regiment to the government ; and the first, after that memorable nineteenth of April, to march *through* Baltimore to Washington. And lately you turned out to honor and welcome home the remnant of that noble regiment coming up from its many hard-fought fields, where it left sleeping the soldier's sleep, three of its number for every one who has returned.

Permit me, gentlemen, to congratulate you on this two hundredth and twenty-sixth anniversary of your organization. It is a thing to be proud of, that through all these years you have held, and still hold to-day, so large a place in the honorable regards of our beloved City and Commonwealth. To this you are justly entitled by the manner in which you have shown the importance of a citizen soldiery, by the perfectness of your military drill and discipline, by your generous patriotism, and by the promptness with which you have ever stood for principle, and defended the right and just thing.

ANNUAL DINNER AT FANEUIL HALL.

At the close of the exercises at the church, the company, with their guests, immediately marched to Faneuil Hall, where they arrived shortly after one o'clock. The hall was decorated with American flags and the colors of the company, some of the latter of which were venerable and interesting with age. The traditional punch bowl was also placed upon the platform, filled with the well-known compound, the recipe of which is found in the literature of the past. The Ancients having deposited their guns and equipments in their armory, marched down to the hall and were seated. Commander Cowdin presided. On his right were General Schouler, Colonel Guiney of the Massachusetts Ninth, Lieutenant-Colonel William S. King, and Colonels Wetherell and Adams, of the Governor's Staff. On the left were the Orator of the Day, Rev. T. B. Thayer, and Rev. Messrs. Greenwood, of Malden, Miles and Ellis, of Charlestown, Wildes, of Salem, and others. Divine blessing was implored by Rev. Dr. Miles. The company and guests then proceeded to partake of the excellent dinner provided for them.

The cloth being removed, Commander COWDIN congratulated the officers and members of the Artillery that its Two Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Anniversary was attended by so many members, and that there were some officers present who had distinguished themselves on many a well-fought field. He closed a very brief speech with the sentiment—

Our Country.—It must be sustained.

The first regular toast was then read by the Toast-Master, Captain JOHN MACK, as follows:—

The President of the United States.

Responded to by Major EDWARDS, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

The second regular toast was as follows:—

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.—The birth-place of Liberty—the asylum for the oppressed of every land.

Adjutant-General SCHOULER arose to respond, being greeted with hearty cheers. He said he regretted the absence of the Chief Magistrate, this being caused by the death of a near relative, but he was deputed by him to say a few words in response to the toast which had been proposed.

Alluding to the militia law passed by the last legislature, he remarked that if it were carried out, it would produce a firm and thorough military organization in the Commonwealth, and as this was soon to go into effect he was authorized to say that any suggestions the Ancient and Honorable Artillery might think fit to make would be gladly heard and considered by His Excellency. It was an exploded idea that the militia were useless, and he called on the corps to aid the Commonwealth and the General Government by all the means in their power. He said Massachusetts has done her duty both on sea and land, and there was no fight in which her sons had been engaged in which they had not come out with glory. In closing he alluded by name to Lieut. Colonel

King, of the Thirty-Fifth Regiment, who had received five wounds in one battle, and Colonel Guiney, of the Ninth Regiment, who had fought in more than a score of battles, and had lost an eye in the engagements in which our army is now doing so well.

General Schouler's remarks were repeatedly cheered, and when he took his seat he was the recipient of long-continued applause.

The next regular toast was :—

Boston.—May it ever continue the abode of freedom and the birth-place of heroes.

Neither the Mayor nor any member of the City Council being present, General JOHN S. TYLER was invited to respond. Accepting the invitation, he apologized for the absence of those who would have felt proud to respond, and said he had always felt a great friendship for the militia and had been intimately connected with them for many years. For the expenses incurred in the riots last year, the city had only paid \$10,000, when, if they had no militia to call out, the expense would have been almost incalculable. He closed with the following sentiment, which was received with loud cheers :—

Our Puritan Ancestors.—In their zeal for the worship of God, they did not forget that it was their duty to defend themselves against foreign invasion or domestic insurrection.

The fourth toast was then given as follows :—

The Orator of the Day.—When duty calls may he always be (Thayer) there.

Rev. T. B. THAYER responded and paid a tribute to the clergy. He made an excellent but too brief address, closing with the following sentiment:—

The State, the Military, and the Clergy.—In all the troubles of our country, may this trinity be an undivided unity.

The fifth regular toast was as follows:—

Officers and Sailors of our Navy.—May their hardships at sea, prove hard-ships indeed to our foes.

This sentiment was responded to by a note from Rear-Admiral STRINGHAM, regretting that his duties at the Navy Yard rendered it impossible for him to accept the invitation to be present.

The sixth regular toast was as follows:—

The Militia of Massachusetts.—Their gallant deeds in the time of their country's danger, will live in the memory of all loyal men, and forever adorn the pages of history.

Lieutenant-Colonel KING, of the Thirty-Fifth Regiment, responded. He said that a field was now open in which the Ancient and Honorable Artillery could be of use, and he begged the attention of the members to the sentiments uttered by the Rev. Mr. Thayer in his oration. In his remarks he alluded to Generals Grant, Butler, Gillmore, Hancock and Burnside, (the mention of each name being vociferously applauded,) and he said it was a pride to him to state that the first Federal colors to wave over the capital of Jeff. Davis's State were those of the Thirty-Fifth Massa-

chusetts. He spoke of Governor Andrew as one whom the soldiers acknowledged to be their constant friend, and spoke of an instance in his family history, where the Governor had befriended him, in a case of affliction, so that his obligations to him could not be repaid. In closing he was complimented with nine hearty cheers.

The following was the seventh regular toast:—

The Army of the United States.

Rev. Mr. GREENWOOD responded. He alluded in the most complimentary terms (not by any means more eulogistic than they deserve,) to the brave deeds of Colonel Guiney, and the officers and men of the gallant Ninth Regiment, and then Colonel GUINEY was loudly called on, and rising was most enthusiastically received.

He referred briefly and modestly to what the regiment it was his pride to command, had done during the past three years, and expressed the hope that the long absence had not caused the men who had served the country so well to have been forgotten. He paid a feeling tribute to the memory of those who had given their lives in the cause, and closed by giving the following sentiment:—

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.—May it outlive every thing but the American Republic.

The eighth regular toast was as follows:—

To the Memory of the Gallant Dead of Boston.—Stephens, Griswold, Abbott, and all others! May their gallant deeds like ivy green, always be fresh in the hearts of all true patriots.

To this toast the band responded with a dirge.

The ninth regular toast was the following:—

Our Anniversary.—Linking the Present to the golden memories of the Past, may its occurrence in years to come, find us true to duty as citizens of the United States.

To this toast Past Commander Colonel N. A. THOMPSON responded, and closed with the sentiment:—

Boston.—Rich in her Revolutionary memories, may she always be true to the principles that laid the foundation of her fame.

LETTERS.

The following letters were received by the corps in response to invitations to be present at the Anniversary dinner:—

[From Rear-Admiral Lessoffsky.]

General ROBERT COWDIN:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 31st of May. I feel very much gratified for the honor of the invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, yet, on account of previous engagements, I find myself in the regrettable necessity to inform you that I shall not be able to comply with their most amicable invitation. Expressing my high appreciation of their courtesy,

I am, Sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. LESSOFFSKY,

Rear-Admiral Imperial Russian Navy.

· FLAG SHIP OSLIAKA, June the 4th, 1864.

[From Hon. Mr. Palfrey.]

POST OFFICE, June 3, 1864.

MR. PALFREY is greatly obliged by the honor of the invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to be present at their celebration on Monday next, and regrets that unavoidable engagements forbid him to enjoy the pleasure.

[From Surgeon-General Dale.]

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, }
OFFICE OF SURGEON-GENERAL, BOSTON, June 3, 1864. }

General,—I have the honor to acknowledge through you the kind invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to be present at the ceremonies and festivities of this honored company.

If consistent with my pressing official duties, it will give me great pleasure to be present.

I am, with great regard, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM J. DALE, *Surgeon-General*.

To Brigadier-General COWDIN, Commanding A. & H. A. Co., Boston.

This closed the regular proceedings, and the company were then notified to attend in the Armory forthwith to proceed to the Common for the annual election and commissioning of the officers for the ensuing year.

CEREMONIES UPON THE COMMON.

After the corps had been again formed they marched through Merchants' Row to State Street, up State Street and Washington, School, Beacon, and Charles Streets to the Parade Ground of the Common, where a large crowd, principally composed of ladies who had assembled to see the

show, were gathered, and some little time was spent in forming a line and passing in review before the Governor.

The usual drum-head election then took place and the ex-officers who were commissioned last year by His Excellency delivered up their badges of office, and the new officers had the pleasure of receiving them.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year :—

Captain—Captain JAMES A. FOX.

First Lieutenant—Captain WILLIAM T. GRAMMAR.

Second Lieutenant—Sergeant EDWIN ADAMS.

Adjutant—Lieutenant WILLIAM T. EUSTIS, 3d.

First Sergeant—Sergeant ROBERT P. YEATON.

Second Sergeant—Captain MELZAR DUNBAR.

Third Sergeant—GEORGE P. MAY, Esq.

Fourth Sergeant—Corporal H. K. W. HIBBARD.

Fifth Sergeant—T. S. LELAND, Esq.

Sixth Sergeant—WILLIAM P. JONES, Esq.

Treasurer and Paymaster—Captain JOHN G. ROBERTS.

Clerk and Assistant-Paymaster—GEORGE H. ALLEN, Esq.

Armorer and Quartermaster—Capt. CHARLES S. LAMBERT.

The non-commissioned officers were inducted into office by the new commander, and with the customary salutes the parade closed and the corps marched back to the armory where supper was partaken of by a majority of the company.

The company has been steadily increasing in numbers for the past two years, and nearly four hundred members have paid their respects to the Assistant-Paymaster.

